

A Matter of Life and Death

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-03-10 04:06:06

Updated: 2013-03-10 04:06:06

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:39:34

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,276

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hiccup was always a pacifist. He avoids direct combat if there was another way but right now, there is no other way, Toothless is injured and he can't fight. So Hiccup takes the matter into his own hands as he fights for their survival. He will get them out of Outcast Island, even if it means he'll have to dirty his hands in blood. Oneshot.

A Matter of Life and Death

****Man I really hate myself at this moment in my life. I know I should be focusing on my other stories right now but I was watching Walking Dead when BAM! I got inspired to write this.****

****I might turn this into a story if people ask for it but right now, it's a oneshot.****

****New Note: LOL, I changed the title and the summary. I only had half a mind when I first wrote it. It kinda sucked so I changed the title and tweaked with the summary a bit. ****

****Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD, if I did, I'd have Hiccup punch Snoutlout just _once._****

* * *

><p>Hiccup clung tightly to his best friend, feeling immense relief as he felt Toothless' purr. His shaking hands kept rubbing the scaly head with tears streaming down on his face. Toothless covered them with his wings, shielding him from everything that was trying to hurt him. Despite being bruised and battered, Hiccup choked out a laugh. Even in the midst of a dire situation, his dragon only thought about the safety his rider. It wasn't very different from his way of thinking as well. Toothless was everything to him.<p>

He was his best friend, his purpose, his dragon and his guardian

beast. Toothless made Hiccup into what he was today. He was his reason, his other half of the coin. If Toothless ever died He couldn't think about it - wouldn't accept it. His only foot would give out if he kept thinking about it.

Right now, he was scared. He was terrified. He didn't know what to do in a long time.

Toothless was out of the battle. He can't fight, not with those wounds. He was severely injured, enough to hinder him from fighting. From fighting the battles that Hiccup couldn't.

Hiccup wiped the tears away with his ripped sleeve. It was his fault that Toothless got hurt and now they were going to die on this godforsaken island.

How did an evening search flight turn out into this? To be captured by Outcasts? It wasn't fair. He had to do something. His father was waiting for him at home, probably worried and Astrid might be too. The thought of the people waiting for them to come home made Hiccup's heart feel heavy.

He can't rely on Toothless right now. He must do something.

Something inside him clicked right then and he pulled back to stare into the eyes of his dragon. His face was pale with streaks of tears and dirt mixed, his clothes were torn and ragged and his hands were still shaking. No, he will not let Toothless die. Not when one of them was still standing and kicking.

"I-I'll get us out of here buddy," Hiccup said. "I will. I promise." He received a low whine in response. Hiccup gave him a shaky smile before stepping back, away from the protective wings of his dark guardian. Toothless whined louder, the wounds caused by the Outcasts stopping him from reaching out to Hiccup.

"Trust me buddy, we'll get out of here. You and me together so just hold on. I'll find your tail." Hiccup eyed Toothless' wounds. It stopped him from tearing the Outcasts apart but they didn't hinder Toothless' ability to fly at least. If he could only get the tail then they would be out of there faster than Gobber burning down his own house with his undies.

Toothless moaned and Hiccup had to rub the Night Fury's head. "Shhh it's gonna be okay Toothless. Stay quiet alright?" Toothless whined softly this time and purred. Hiccup gave him one last pat before scouring up the rocks from their hiding hole.

He stayed low, darting behind boulders and rocks. They would be keeping their things in the great hall. Alvin wasn't stupid to place it in the Dragon Arena that's for sure. But the whole place would be crawling with Vikings vikings twice his size, stronger, and more brutal than him.

He needed a weapon.

Deciding on heading to where the weapons were most likely stashed, Hiccup went to the Dragon Arena. Tearing a piece of his shirt, he wrapped it around his metal leg to muffle the sounds. His footsteps

were silent as a Night Fury's as he slinked towards the Weapons Room beside the entrance to the Arena.

Keep their weapons next to the most dangerous place in the island. Typical Viking logic. The dragons inside the Arena would scare off anyone whose foolish to come near. It was a good thing that his Father was smarter than any other Viking. He placed it in a barn that looked like it was for sheep, to make people think of it that way.

Hiccup cautiously opened the door and stepped inside. He ignored the huge swords and hammers and went straight to the crossbows. He picked the smallest and lightest one up, feeling it in his arms. Compared to the rest of the weapons, the crossbows were not in the best of condition. Probably because Vikings prefer to jump right into battle; it was no surprise that there wasn't a long-distance fighting Viking.

It was well balanced, despite its poor condition but it will do. At least it wasn't rusty. Taking a quiver of arrows and a small dagger, he went for the door when he heard voices and froze. His mind in overdrive, he looked around for somewhere to hide. He glanced up into the rafters. He could hide there. No Viking in their right mind would think about looking up if it's not a dragon. He boosted himself on a barrel and watched with baited breath as an Outcast stepped in.

The Outcast pulled out a wooden stool and sat on it and Hiccup knew that he couldn't stay any longer than he has to. If he didn't find the tail fast, Alvin might find Toothless or worse, Toothless came after him which leads into an inevitable death.

He swallowed heavily at the simple solution.

He pulled out the crossbow, loaded already, and aimed from where he was. After a few seconds that was like an eternity, Hiccup lowered it. He took deep breaths as quietly as he could.

He couldn't do it. He was afraid to do it.

Toothless must have killed before. He was sure of it. He was a Night Fury and one of the most dangerous dragons ever. Hiccup couldn't think of him being a ruthless killer though, he knew that Toothless never killed in cold blood, he killed for survival. That's dragon's nature as well as humans. With that thought in mind, he raised his bow and fired.

It went straight through the chest.

Dropping from his hiding spot, Hiccup fell on his side. He groaned and sat up, rubbing his right arm. He looked at the Outcast that he killed and felt his stomach churning at the sight of the blood. He spilled out his contents in the corner of the room. Feeling weak in the knees, he wiped his mouth. He staggered outside.

His first kill. Ironic how he wouldn't kill dragons but he can shoot humans just fine? Hiccup hid behind a boulder and curled. Killing would never get easy, that was the truth. But he'll bear with it, for the sake of the things he loves. If he must kill for him and Toothless to survive then fine. Taking deep breaths, he willed his heart and his stomach to calm down. Hearing the sound of heavy feet,

Hiccup stood up and hung his bow behind his back. Strapping the quiver to his waist, he set out but not before noticing an oil lamp at the corner which he dipped the heads of a few arrows into. Very carefully, he managed to get past several Outcasts. Using the night as cover, Hiccup sunk in the shadows.

Having a Night Fury as your best friends had some perks.

To his despair, the Mead hall was full of Vikings. He can't sneak in there without getting caught. A distraction, he needed a distraction. Hiccup peered from his hiding spot to look for anything that could be useful. Maybe he can somewhat collapse the roof in on them? He looked around but found nothing to help him. Frustrated, he went to find a different spot to hide while keeping the Hall in his sight.

Hiccup had managed to get himself on the roof of one of the houses across the hall. He lay low as he watched one Outcast came out the door. The man was drowning a drink in one gulp and he was staggering. Hiccup decided that the man was drunk.

Sighing, he looked up to the dark skies. A distinct sound caught his attention and he strained his ears. It was the sound of wings. Dragon wings. Immediately, Hiccup scrambled off the roof just as the first fireball torched the spot he was just at. He fell on his back and he groaned. Just his luck, a dragon raid had to happen now.

"Wait a minute," he said. "This is it!"

Around him, he heard shouting and explosions. This was the perfect time for him to strike! He grunted as he pushed himself off the ground and pressed himself against the wall of the building. Vikings came streaming out of the Hall, brandishing weapons as they charged towards the dragons that began raiding them.

Hiccup ran and ducked as he made his way through exploding houses. Reaching his destination, Hiccup crouched beneath a window at the side of the Hall. Breathing hard, he forced himself to look through the crack in the wood. No one was inside. Looking around to make sure that there wasn't anyone around, Hiccup stood up and wrenched the wooden windows open. He crawled inside quickly.

"Well, well, is Stoick's little embarrassment finally growing up to be a man?" Hiccup froze.

Turning around slowly, he was met with Alvin and two large men at either side of him. Hiccup glared at them, his fear and dread hidden behind the mask of indifference as if he hadn't just killed one of their own and was strolling in his own village.

"Where's ye dragon? Did it finally die?" Alvin mocked him then stiffened, noticing the crossbow hanging on Hiccup's back.

"Oho," Alvin's eyes narrowed. "You really think you can shoot boy?"

Hiccup's response was taking his bow out â€"already loaded â€" and aimed it at Alvin. "I think I can manage," he replied.

Alvin let out a booming laugh and Hiccup felt his knees wobble. Can he really take on three huge men? Alvin then reached out a hand. "You

know you can't do it boy and just give up. Teach us to tame those beasts and we'll let you and your pet live."

Just like that, Hiccup's resolved came back with a vengeance as he spat on Alvin's feet. "Like Hel I will!"

Alvin scowled. "Give me the bow if you want to live!" he snarled.

THUNK! Hiccup shot the man on Alvin's right and he fell to the ground, dead, an arrow sticking out of his neck. Shocked that the fishbone had just managed to kill someone, Hiccup made his move as he quickly reloaded. He then darted to the side as Alvin made a grab at him.

He ran to the center of the hall where the fire was still lit. He ducked as an axe whizzed past where his head was once was.

"Kill him!" Alvin roared.

"NO! Don't kill him!" Hiccup shouted.

Turning around for a second, Hiccup fired again. Alvin and the other man evaded his poorly aimed shot and were charging to rip him to shreds. Taking out the arrows that he dipped in oil earlier, he set them aflame as he ran past the center fire. Loading the blazing bolt, he shot it at Alvin's feet. In an instant, the floor was set on fire. Hiccup then loaded the rest of the flaming bolts and started shooting everywhere.

Outcast Island was a barren land where few trees grew. The buildings were made of old wood stolen from sunken ships and because of that, old wood was pretty easy to burn. The Outcasts were probably too stupid to think about it and Hiccup had used their stupidity and ignorance to his advantage.

The other man, which Hiccup had almost forgotten, suddenly made his appearance and went to grab him. In his fright, Hiccup grabbed a bolt and stabbed it through the man's chest. Blood splattered his face and he staggered back. The outcast fell backwards and a pool of blood slowly grew as the man bled to death.

As the fire spread, Hiccup could hear Alvin shouting curses at him. He quickly made haste to the backroom and opened the door. There on the floor was his saddle and Toothless' tail. Crying in relief, he grabbed it, just as Alvin let out a roar. Hiccup turned and was horrified as Alvin barreled through the flames.

Hiccup stood there, frozen in fear for about three seconds before he snapped out of it. He looked to the left and saw a window open. He ran towards it and threw the tail and saddle out. He was going to climb over when Alvin's hand shot out and grabbed his good leg.

"You're not getting away that easily!" Alvin said as he dragged Hiccup to the floor like an animal. Hiccup gasped as a muscle in his leg was pulled and felt a trickle of warm liquid on the side of his face from when his head slammed on the floor.

Alvin loomed over him, his face covered with ugly burns. "You'll pay

dearly for this boy," he sneered.

"Maybe, but not today." Hiccup drew his dagger and stabbed him in the eye. Alvin howled in agonized pain, clutching his bleeding eye. He snarled as he pulled the knife out and threw it aside. He raised his head only to see an arrow pointed it at his face.

He chuckled and a beam from the ceiling fell. "Go ahead, shoot me." When he didn't, Alvin had to sneer. "What's wrong? Afraid to kill me?"

A moment less than a second passed when Hiccup answered, "Shooting you is a waste of bolts. This is much better," he then slammed the butt of his weapon against Alvin's head. The blow to a certain part of the head was enough to knock anyone out and Alvin slumped to the floor.

Breathing heavily, Hiccup picked up his dagger and sheathed it on his belt. He ripped off of what remained of his sleeves and pressed it against his nose and mouth as the smoke became heavy. Jumping out of the window, he inhaled a huge amount of fresh air and picked up his stuff.

The fight was still ongoing by the looks of things, so Hiccup ran back to where Toothless was. He ran and ran, not caring if he was limping. They had to get out now while they still could. Instead of taking his time into climbing down the rocky slope to where Toothless hid, Hiccup braced himself and slid down on the rocks. His hands and knees were scrapped but it wasn't too bad despite the bleeding.

He jumped down and had to curse as his right leg flared up in pain. "Oh gods," he gasped as white flashed before his eyes.

A loud whine reached his ears and Hiccup felt a scaly head nudging his head where he was bleeding at.

"I'm fine, I'm fine," Hiccup assured the dragon as he forced himself up. With expert hands that had done this over a thousand times and while he was working, he didn't even think. It only took him less than a second to finish.

Hiccup saddled Toothless and bit his lip as his right leg throbbed.

"Let's go now buddy."

Toothless, who had been resting for quite a bit now, crawled out of the cavern where they had been hiding in. Large, black wings unfolded and with a burst of energy, Toothless launched into the sky.

They were safe now.

With that thought in mind, Hiccup cried as he buried his face on Toothless' head, his shoulders shaking. Toothless crooned and Hiccup continued to cry, letting all his feelings wash out of him. The remorse he felt for taking a life was heavy but now that Toothless was safe, the burden felt lighter. Now that he had a taste of a real fight, he can't always rely on Toothless forever.

He had to fight his own battles from now on. It wasn't just Toothless

that was going to watch their backs, it was the both of them now. They were even.

It was time that the rider ought to be as good as the dragon he rides.

As they flew over the chilly air, Hiccup checked the damage that they received. His right leg hurts, like, a _lot_ but he was sure it wasn't broken. He was going to walk with a crutch for a while though. His hands were scratched from sliding down those rocks but otherwise fineâ€¦ he'll have to wash the Outcast blood off when he gets home. There was also his head. Making sure that he didn't lose his intelligence to Snotlout level, he concluded that he was fine as well.

Hiccup had no knowledge about dragons but comparing Toothless' wounds from now to a few hours ago that dragons were actually pretty fast healers. The bleeding had stopped quite a while ago before he came back but it was still fresh. He didn't know how long it would take for Toothless to get fully healed but he supposed that it would take a few days. Thinking for a moment if that was so, why didn't Toothless' tail didn't grow back? Perhaps maybe dragons don't re-grow lost limbs?

He shook his head. Now was not the time to think about that.

He checked the tail and saw it was just fine. Next was the harness to see if it was secured. That was fine too.

The lights of Berk appearing in their vision, Hiccup egged Toothless on, not that the dragon needed it. The sight of home and safety brought relief to the two. They were glad to be back. All that's left would probably a nice good sleepâ€¦

They landed in the center of the village and people came out of their houses. Voices grew and numbers multiplied and in seconds, they were surrounded by the people of Berk.

"Gods Hiccup, what happened to you?" Gobber asked as he waddled towards them. He saw their condition and his face grew concerned.

Hiccup grimaced. Before he could reply, he was tackled into a hug by Astrid. "Where in Thor's name have you been?" she said. Hiccup grunted as he placed his weight on his left leg.

"I bet he just fell off and got stranded," Snotlout said.

"Dude, did you get into a fight with a dragon?" Tuffnut asked, admiring their battle wounds.

"Woah, where did you get the crossbow?" Ruffnut pushed her brother away.

"Don't push me!" Tuffnut knocked his sister aside, starting a brawl.

"Hiccup! Are you alright? You're bleeding!" Fishleg's concerned voice reached him over the sounds of the twins fighting.

"You're bleeding? Hiccup!" Astrid grabbed his face.

As much as he was happy to be back, he was getting pretty irritated pretty fast. He felt like he just tumbled down the mountain and he was not in the mood for all this. Their voices, combined with the Village's, made his head pound. All he wanted was a good night's sleep.

"Give him some space already!" Gobber pushed Astrid aside. "The boy needs some space."

Feeling gratified that Gobber stopped them, Hiccup leaned against Toothless for support. "Thanks Gobber," Hiccup mumbled. Gobber nodded towards him.

"Where is he?" Hiccup heard and lifted his head up to see his father pushing against the crowd. The people of Berk made way as the Chief walked towards them, only to stop in his tracks at the sight.

Hiccup couldn't imagine what went through his Father's head at the moment because he certainly wasn't looking his best. He was leaning on his left leg, his sleeves torn revealing the cuts and bruises on his arms and not to mention his bloodied hands and face. Yup, he certainly was a sight. At least he didn't look as bad as when he fought the Red Death.

"Dad," Hiccup greeted weakly before he was engulfed into a hug. He faintly noticed Gobber shooing people back into their houses.

"My boy, what happened to you?" Stoick asked. His brows furrowed in worry.

"Outcasts. They caught me and Toothless while we were looking for Trader Johann's missing stuff," Hiccup said. "Sorry about that. We didn't manage to find it."

Stoick shook his head and ran a hand down his tired face. "Thor's hammer, you're thinking about that? It doesn't matter if you didn't find it! What's important right now is that you and Toothless came home safely." Stoick turned Hiccup's head the other way to observe the gash near his temple. "Who did this to you?" he asked.

"Alvin," Hiccup answered quietly.

Stoick's face then twisted into a murderous expression. "Alvin will pay dearly for this," he said darkly.

"He already did," Hiccup said as he took out the bloodied dagger from his belt and showed it to him.

Everybody's eyes widened at the sight. "H-Hiccup, you killed him?" Astrid asked. When they saw Hiccup shake his head, they glanced at one another. How did Alvin pay exactly?

The answer to their question came and shocked them greatly. "I stabbed him in the eye."

Fishleg's mouth hung open and Astrid was staring at him.

"You," Ruffnut pointed at Hiccup.

"Stabbed - " Tuffnut interjected.

"Alvin the Treacherous in the e_ye?" _ Snotlout said disbelievingly.

Hiccup grimaced. He was swaying from where he was standing and Stoick thought that he should end things now. He wrapped an arm around his boy's shoulders, and then he looked towards the teens.

"Enough already," Stoick said. "You kids go to bed now. It's late and Hiccup needs rest. Now go!" The others mumbled in protest but did as the Chief ordered them to. Astrid gave Hiccup a squeeze on the shoulder before joining the rest. He smiled at her as he watched them go into their respective homes.

"Let's get the two of you bandaged up before you go to sleep," Stoick said and Hiccup nodded.

~ How to Train Your Dragon ~

Stoick had so badly wanted to ask Hiccup in Hel's name happened while they were on Outcast Island but held himself back. It could wait in the morning, he told himself.

When Gobber was bandaging the boy, Stoick saw several bruises decorating his son's skin. That wasn't the only thing that Stoick noticed though, he saw that Hiccup was limping and after being assured by Gobber that Hiccup didn't in fact broke anything " only pulled a muscle " Stoick sighed in relief. He had only one question though, aside from the head wound, how in the world did Hiccup get covered in blood?

The answer came to him as he watched his son sleep. Hiccup had no doubt killed. It wasn't his blood on his hands, it was an Outcast's. Stoick wasn't so sure if he should be happy that his son had finally taken the offensive, for killing another human being was never easy, but he was damn proud that Hiccup had fought for their way home.

Stoick pushed the auburn bangs away as he looked at his son's face. He was worried all day when the rest had come back from their search without Hiccup. He had feared the worst when night came and he still hadn't come back. The relief that he felt when he saw him in the Village center made him forget not to show affection in public. He was happy that his son was alive and he thanked the gods for it and Toothless.

Ah yes, Toothless the Night Fury.

Stoick turned to look at the black beast to see it curled on its bed, sleeping away the tiredness just like his rider. He didn't need the details to generally know what happened. Toothless risked his life and was wounded severely and in turn, Hiccup risked his life to protect the both of them. Stoick wondered, for a moment, how much of his son's mentality relied on his dragon.

As Hiccup mumbled in his sleep, Stoick took one last look at his boy before blowing out the candle. He went down and rubbed his tired eyes. Being a father was very hard, especially when you're the Chief

and your son always having a knack to get into trouble while having one of the most dangerous dragons for a best friend. Yes, it was very hard.

But would he change it for the world? Nah, he liked the way things are.

* * *

><p>Reviews? xD

End
file.